

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

THE ACADEMY next week will be published on Thursday, instead of Friday.

AN extraordinary state of things is revealed in the government of the Boston Public Library. The admission of new novels to the library is controlled by a committee of ladies, whose refusals have of late been based on a criticism so finely meshed that many excellent novels have been excluded. Actually Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor* has been rejected, on the extraordinary ground that girls of to-day would "cast about for Manistys as girls of a bygone day did for Rochesteres." The following are among the novels recently banned:

Henry James's *The Two Magics*.
Edith Wharton's *The Touchstone*.
Jules Verne's *An Antarctic Mystery*.
Mary E. Wilkins's *The People of Our Neighbourhood*.
Sir Walter Beant's *The Changeling*.
Maria Louise Pool's *Friendship and Folly*.
Lillian Bell's *Instinct of Step-fatherhood*.
Captain Charles King's *A Wounded Name*.
Amelia E. Barr's *Trinity Bells*.
Egerton Castle's *Young April*.
R. W. Chambers's *The Conspirators*.
John Kendrick Bangs's *Idiot at Home*.
Molly Elliot Seawell's *The Loves of the Lady Arabella*.
Robert Barr's *Jennie Baxter, Journalist*.
Maarten Maartens's *Her Memory*.
Kate Upson Clark's *White Butterflies*.

SOMETIMES the lady-censors have given their reasons for rejecting well-known books, and evidently they enjoy this part of their work. Of Mr. Henry James's *The Soft Side* they report:

An interesting puzzle for one who cares to see how a clever writer can hide plot, expression, style, clearness, and force under a rubbish-heap of senseless words. Mr. James's recent work has dealt with an unworthy society, the class which makes one constantly doubtful of their intentions to fill their moral contracts and obligations. They are people one gains nothing by knowing, and one feels disgust at the waste of so much literary skill, while admiring the ability which makes the characters themselves show forth their sordid qualities. It is not diamond cut diamond. It is rather a flashing diamond used to cut muddy crystals which are full of flaws.

D'Annunzio's "glorified sensuality" and "wearisome rhapsodies" and Miss Corelli's "turgid literary style, interlarded with poor French and Italian," are duly condemned. But if Boston permits books to be intercepted in this way we shall be surprised. It is the work of criticism to clear and analyse the stream of literature, not to dam it up.

THE first of the "Carpet Plays," edited by Mr. L. Oldershaw, and published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, is *Cranford at Home*. As the characters in this welcome little play are nine women and a dog, the motto on the title-page, "A man is so in the way in the house," is apt.

The stage directions are clear, the dialogue is well chosen, and families in search of a play to occupy an hour and a half might well turn their attention to this dramatic form of Mrs. Gaskell's inimitable novel.

EVER since Mr. William Archer delivered a lecture before the Society of Women Journalists on certain poets of the day he has been engaged upon a volume, which will be published shortly by Mr. Lane, under the title *Poets of the Younger Generation*. Mr. Archer's list of names is catholic. It is:

H. C. Beeching.	Alice Meynell.
Arthur C. Benson.	E. Nesbit.
Laurence Binyon.	Henry Newbolt.
Alice Brown.	Stephen Phillips.
Bliss Carman.	Dollie Radford.
A. T. Quiller-Couch.	Charles G. D. Roberts.
F. B. Money Coutts.	Duncan Campbell Scott.
John Davidson.	Dora Sigerson.
Louise Imogen Guiney.	Arthur Symonds.
Katharine Tynan Hinkson.	John B. Tabb.
A. E. Housman.	Francis Thompson.
Laurence Housman.	Rosamund Marriott Watson.
Richard Hovey.	William Watson.
Rudyard Kipling.	W. B. Yeats.
Richard Le Gallienne.	Margaret Woods.

MR. A. STODART-WALKER, author of *The Struggle for Success*, has written a volume indicating "the significance of Robert Buchanan as a poet, in the sense of the poet defined as an impassioned philosopher." In the course of his preface Mr. Stodart-Walker remarks:

It may be of interest to the reader to know that this book is written by one who has sought far different solutions for most of the problems of life, from those that have appealed to the poet. But even a scientific man can view with sympathy one who seriously aspires to reach Truth, in a fashion and in a medium foreign to his own particular methods and teaching. Though the mystic realism of the poet be anathema to the point of view of the scientific purist, yet the latter may allow himself to be carried from the solid ground of Nature, to which the mind which builds for aye must for ever trust, to the more shadowy land where the dreamer loves to dwell, and see mirrored in the eyes of the poet the vista of newer worlds and newer hopes, without in any way blurring the face of his philosophy.

"THE missions" of the *Rambler*, which, as we have already stated, is to be resuscitated by Mr. Herbert Vivian, "are manifold." The new series, we are informed, will include:

(i.) The revival of Toryism, which has now nearly passed into a Memory; (ii.) a free criticism, even of the idols of the hour; (iii.) an exposition of foreign politics, hitherto so gravely misunderstood; (iv.) a return to those literary graces which Johnson adorned in the *Rambler* and Disraeli on the hustings; (v.) an apotheosis of brevity, which an hurried age has contrived to disembody from wit; (above all) a reverence for old ideals and a contempt for the superstitions of Democracy.

No. 209 will contain an attempt by Mr. W. H. Helm to express Dr. Johnson's greetings from "Elysium-in-the-Fields" to the new *Rambler*.

MISS CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE, who died at Otterbourne, near Winchester, last Sunday, established her fame as a writer in very different times from these. The best of her innumerable stories, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, appeared in 1853, and it may be that we have among our readers a few who remember the spell it threw over many minds. At Oxford this book came into the hands of William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, and their undergraduate set, at Exeter College. Its effect on these ardent young men is described by Mr. Mackail in his *Life of Morris*. The book exercised "an extraordinary fascination over the whole of the group," a fascination which Mr. Mackail explains as follows:

In this book, more than any other, may be traced the religious ideals and social enthusiasms which were stirring in the years between the decline of Tractarianism and the Crimean War. The young hero of the novel, with his overstrained conscientiousness, his chivalrous courtesy, his intense earnestness, his eagerness for all such social reforms as might be effected from above downwards, his high-strung notions of love, friendship, and honour, his premature gravity, his almost deliquescent piety, was adopted by them as a pattern for actual life, and more strongly perhaps by Morris than by the rest, from his own greater wealth and more aristocratic temper. Yet Canon Dixon, in mentioning this book as the first which seemed to him greatly to influence Morris, pronounces it, after nearly half a century's reflection and experience, as "unquestionably one of the finest books in the world."

MISS YONGE was a staunch Churchwoman, and carried her faith and her zeal into her literary work, which preserved its singleness of aim to the last. Indeed, as a handmaid of the Church of England she had no equal. Part of the profits of the *Heir of Redclyffe* were spent in fitting out Bishop Selwyn's missionary schooner, the *Southern Cross*; and with the £2,000 she made out of her *Daisy Chain* Miss Yonge helped to build a missionary college in New Zealand. At her native village of Otterbourne, near Winchester, Miss Yonge was associated with Keble, who was greatly aided in the building of the village church by her father. There never was anything in the least flamboyant about Miss Yonge's literary character. She lived for her work, her faith, and her Church interests; she knew her rôle and kept to it. To awake religious feelings and to implant safe knowledge in the minds of well-brought-up young people was her consistent aim, and her constituency was large and loyal. A single anecdote throws a good deal of light on her literary character. She once wrote—so a *Daily News* writer states—four pages to a distinguished woman of letters solely to inquire whether her visitor had dropped a button from her glove.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN asks us to correct our statement that Mr. Barry Pain's *Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters* is as long, if not longer, than the *Englishwoman's Love-Letters* of which it is a parody. It appears that Mr. Pain's book contains about 27,000 words and the *Englishwoman's Love-Letters* 63,000. Evidently our reviewer's mensuration was at fault, but we do not think that his remarks on the undue length of the parody are really affected by the correction; still less his general estimate of the book.

Harper's Magazine for April contains a characteristic, a very characteristic paper, by Mark Twain, called "Extracts from Adam's Diary, translated from the original MS." At the top of the first column the reader is informed, in a note signed "M. T.," that "I translated a portion of this diary some years ago, and a friend of mine printed a few copies in an incomplete form, but the public never got them. Since then I have deciphered some more of Adam's hieroglyphics, and think he has now become sufficiently

important as a public character to justify this publication." Here is a passage from the Diary:

TUESDAY.—She has taken up with a snake now. The other animals are glad, for she was always experimenting with them and bothering them; and I am glad, because the snake talks, and this enables me to get a rest.

THIS is, however, not Mark Twain's first dealing with Adam. When Bartholdi's statue of Liberty was the talk of America, Mark Twain was asked to contribute an autograph letter to an album that was to be raffled for in connexion with the Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition. The *American Literary Era* has just printed this letter. We are not certain whether it will be new to our readers. Mark's idea was that a statue to Adam would be much more to the purpose than the statue of Liberty. The gist of his entertaining argument is as follows:

What has Liberty done for us? Nothing in particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home, and a good home, too. And if she knows anything, she knows it's the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for six thousand years, Biblical measure. Yes, and we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanently, but we made her respectable—and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out these Atlantics of benefits upon this aged outcast, lo! and behold you, we are asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to! Let her set up a monument to us if she wants to do the clean thing.

But, on the other hand, look at Adam. What have we done for Adam? Nothing. What has Adam done for us? Everything. He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. These are inestimable privileges—and remember, not one of them should we have had without Adam. Well, then, he ought to have a monument—for evolution is steadily and surely abolishing him; and we must get up a monument, and be quick about it, or our children's children will grow up ignorant that there ever was an Adam. With trifling alterations, this present statue will answer very well for Adam. You can turn that blanket into an ulster without any trouble; part the hair on one side, or conceal the sex of his head with a fire helmet, and at once he's a man; put a harp and a halo and a palm branch in the left hand to symbolise a part of what Adam did for us, and leave the fire basket just where it is, to symbolise the rest. My friend, the father of life and death and taxes has been neglected long enough. Shall this infamy be allowed to go on, or shall it stop right here?

THE April instalment of "At the Sign of the Ship" finds Mr. Lang in an amiable and confidential mood. We envy him his light, detached heart, but are not these love affairs with heroines of fiction a little one-sided? The least a man can do who falls in love with a woman in a book is to buy one hundred copies of her. Says Mr. Lang: "My own heart, 'The Senile Heart,' is lost to the most delightful of modern heroines. This lady is Celia in [Mr. we should have written Mrs., did we not know that Mr. Lang never makes mistakes] Alfred Sidgwick's novel, *The Inner Shrine*. . . . If a reader wants to be honestly in love, now is his opportunity." And yet, in the next paragraph, so fickle are literary lovers, the author of *The Making of Religion* says: "Perhaps we never do see an absolutely beautiful face, like that of the mutilated Psyche of Naples." And a few lines further down we read: "The finest head and most intellectual that I ever saw was that of a girl of fourteen looking over a gate."

THE action which a Mr. Robert White brought against Messrs. Constable, last Friday, in the King's Bench, produced some interesting and amusing evidence. Mr. White had written a novel called *The Mac Mahon*, which he had arranged should be published by Messrs. Constable as far back as March, 1898. The subject being Irish, Mr. White stipulated that the book should be out by March 17, St. Patrick's Day; but, as a fact, it did not appear until April 18, and the plaintiff considered that the delay was detrimental to his book. It appeared, however, that he had himself contributed to this delay by passing the proof of the title-page with the pseudonym "Blayne," and the cover with the pseudonym "Blaney." Several publishers and booksellers were called to give evidence, and Mr. Justice Darling, who tried the case without a jury, was in rather merry pin. From the *Times* report of the case we make a few extracts:

The witness [Mr. White] said that a contract was entered into providing for the publication of the book by March 20, as he had not been particular to a day or two. It was not published at the proper time. The spring publishing season was very short. The book was not published till April 18. The war between America and Spain broke out on April 22 and filled the newspapers, and his book was not reviewed by any London daily paper till August. He had sent a copy to President McKinley. There was in the book a character called McKinley, belonging to a Scotch family settled in Ulster. Three-fourths of the American Presidents were descended from Ulster families. The book was directed against religious bigotry on both sides. He thought it would interest those who kept St. Patrick's Day.

The Judge: Do the Irish spend St. Patrick's Day in reading? (Laughter.)

Mr. Doubleday [of Messrs. Constable] stated that of novels of merit by unknown authors about one in ten succeeded.

The Judge: And in the case of known authors it makes no difference whether they have any merit or not?

The Witness: That is so, my lord. (Laughter.)

Apparently no one took the case very seriously.

If you would win fame at a gallop, write a good book about your native county. This maxim is suggested by the dinner given, last Monday night, by the London Society of East Anglians to Mr. William A. Dutt, in acknowledgment of his recent book, *Highways and Byways of East Anglia*. A large party sat down at the Trocadero Restaurant. The feature of the evening, apart from its immediate purpose, was an address by Mr. Clement Shorter on "The Literary Associations of East Anglia." Mr. Shorter, who is developing into a very successful speaker, found plenty of material in his subject. Whether it was altogether kind to East Anglia to recall the fact that it had produced a poet laureate in Thomas Shadwell we leave East Anglians to decide. But Mr. Shorter's speech easily bristled with names. He reminded his hearers that their part of England had produced "the most remarkable letter-writers in the English language—Margaret Paston, Horace Walpole, and Edward Fitzgerald; and in William Cowper and George Crabbe the two most natural and the two most human poets in the English literature of two centuries, only excepting the favourite poet of Scotland—Robert Burns." Lord Lytton and Captain Marryat, he reminded his audience, were East Anglians.

Among the illustrations in the new number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* are reproductions of portraits of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, drawn by Mr. Field Talfourd in 1859. The portrait of Robert Browning is strangely unfamiliar. As Mr. Wilfrid Meynell says, in an interesting short article on "The Brownings," "one is face to face, not

merely with an extra two inches of hair, afterwards sacrificed, but with another aspect, another temperament, another manner—of the manners that make the man." Certainly Browning looks more the poet here than in his later portraits. Mr. Meynell tells a good story: "The first time I met Mr. Browning there was present the Chinese Minister, a member of whose suite was introduced to the poet as a brother author. Browning asked him what sort of work his was. He answered: 'Enigmas.' 'A brother indeed!' was Browning's aside."

WE are in entire sympathy with Mr. Edmund Gosse's article, in the same Review, called "The Custom of Biography." In, and out of, season, we have protested against the lawlessness which reigns in the biographical field. Mr. Gosse is unsparing as he is amusing in his condemnation of the "big-biography habit." It is not only the bigness of biographies that is objectionable. Their number is alarming. As Mr. Gosse says: "They rise behind the glass fronts of our bookcases in funereal splendour, serried, undisturbed, making of this portion of the library a sort of solemn Kensal Green." And still the greatest evil is not in the size or number of biographies, but in their incompetence. Mr. Gosse thinks that the notion (undoubtedly in existence) that anyone can write a biography is a survival of the old ignominy under which biography suffered when it was considered the work of a hack. Of all incompetent biographers, Mr. Gosse considers the widow to be the worst:

She is the triumph of the unfittest. Others have little art, little experience, little sense of proportion; but she exceeds them, for she has none at all. Her object is to present to the world an image of the deceased, which shall be deliberately, though unconsciously, false. The man had his humour, his eccentricities; he had a rough side to his tongue; he had frailties; he was a picturesque and human being. It is the determination of the Widow to hide all this. . . . It is to the Widow that we owe the fact that a very large section of recent biography might pass for an annex to Madame Tussaud's gallery. For, it must be remarked, the Widow does not always boldly appear on the title-page: she often lurks behind the apparently unprejudiced name of some docile author. Her function, however, always is to stultify and misrepresent the life and character of the deceased; and the more devotion she thinks she is paying to his memory, the more completely she carries this out. I know only one instance in modern biography where the influence of the Widow has not been disastrous.

NOR are Mr. Gosse's remarks less interesting when he deals with certain widely read biographies of recent years. Even in so good a work as Mr. Basil Champneys's *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore* he finds "much of a subsidiary and therefore superfluous character." The *Life of Archbishop Benson* has already had to be reduced to half its original size. Then there is the question of reticence. It may be laid down, we think, that if a man is worth a biography he should have an honest biography or none. Something must be kept back, but not the little touches which make up the man as he lived and as he was seen and felt by his friends. Mr. Gosse complains:

The best anecdotes, the most illuminating traits, are never recorded in print at all. Tennyson, for example, was, in real life, infinitely more racy and reckless than the authorised portrait gives the public the slightest reason for supposing. Is this wonderful figure of a wayward genius to be successfully hidden from posterity by a misplaced and too-cautious piety? Why should we not be permitted to know Tennyson as we know Pope and Burns and Byron? Why should not we possess of nineteenth-century worthies such seed-pearl of portraiture as Aubrey set down so unreservedly in his invaluable *Minutes of Lives*? But, when a really sincere biography, like Purcell's *Cardinal Manning*, manages to be written, the welkin rings with

screams of "disloyalty" and "sacrilege." One of the most perfect pieces of biographical art issued in our time was the first edition of Mr. Baring Gould's *Memoir of Hawker of Morwenstow*; but it was both candid and humorous, and therefore had to be withdrawn.

FROM THE "ACADEMY" OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

MARCH, 1871.

"Mr. Charles Reade's new serial in *Cassell's Magazine* settles a difficult question which had troubled his readers in the *Cornhill* and elsewhere. His melodramatic situations are not meant for burlesque. It remains to be seen whether his undoubted literary dexterity will enable him to supplant the novelists of the *London Journal* in the favour of the peculiar public which he is stooping to conquer."

Bibliographical.

IN response to my correspondent of last week, who had seen the lines beginning "O for a booke and a shadie nooke" attributed to Eugene Field, but could not discover them in either of Field's books of verse, another correspondent writes to say that they are included in Field's *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, which was published over here in 1896. Well, this is quite true; but the lines are given simply as a quotation—Field does not lay claim to the authorship. On this point Mr. Austin Dobson writes to me: "I cannot believe that Eugene Field wrote the lines. I clearly remember that Mr. John Wilson, the bookseller, of 12, King William-street, Charing Cross, who died in 1889, told me that he made them up as a motto for one of his second-hand catalogues, and he was rather amused by the vogue they obtained. He was a most intelligent man, very widely read, and I fully believed him. I wrote all this in the *ACADEMY* a few years ago." A third correspondent mentions that the lines are in Ireland's *Enchiridion* (1883), and there described as "Old English Song." As such, I may add, they figure in Mr. W. Roberts's *Book-Verses* (1896); but I agree with Mr. Dobson that "Mr. Wilson should have the credit of them, unless anyone else can prove the authorship."

Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller, who is about to give us a book on *Alfred Milner and His Work*, was last heard of, I fancy, in connection with London journalism. He first swam within my ken in the days when he was writing for the *Shotover Papers*, one of the best of such 'Varsity productions. For that sprightly publication Mr. Iwan-Müller composed, in particular, some excellent parodies of Tennyson (notably "Rise up, cold reverend, to a see"), and one parody of Swinburne, "Procuratores," which good judges rank high in its genre:

O vestment of velvet and virtue,
O venomous victors of vice,
Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
O calm, cruel, colder than ice;
Why wilfully wage ye this war? Is
Pure pity purged out of your breast?
O purse-prigging Procuratores,
O pitiless pest!

These outbursts of Mr. Iwan-Müller's muse had a wide circulation when reprinted, by permission, in *Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century* (1876).

Miss Yonge's always busy pen was at work up to the last. It turned out two books last year—*Modern Broods*, a six-shilling novel, and *The Making of a Missionary*, a book for the National Society. At least one of her stories has of late years been included among the popular sixpenny-

worths—*The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, which came out in that form in 1898, in which year she also brought out an account of *John Keble's Parishes*. She did not often indulge in literary criticism, but to the volume entitled *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* she contributed sympathetic notices of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Mrs. Stretton (author of *The Valley of a Hundred Fires*), and Anne Manning (author of *Mary Powell*). This was in 1897. A complete list of her published works would occupy more room than I can spare. Perhaps it will be made one of the features of the Memoir of Miss Yonge which, I should say, will almost certainly appear before long.

One cannot be certain, however. We are still without any biographical record of Jean Ingelow, who surely deserved one. I see some one promises a book of *Reminiscences* of that lady, and there was matter of that kind in the paper on Miss Ingelow which Mr. Mackenzie Bell wrote for one of the reviews. But we could have done, and could yet do, very well with a memoir (not too bulky) of the poet-novelist.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and the article on Crabbe in the recent *Quarterly* presaged a new edition of the poet's works. (I use the word poet in the conventional sense of verse-writer, for, in my humble opinion, Crabbe was not a poet at all.) We are to have, it seems, a reproduction of the edition of 1834. A *Selection* from Crabbe's verse-work appeared two years ago, and I should have thought that that would have met all ordinary demands—the more especially as Henry Morley edited a volume of the *Tales* (reprinted in 1898), and Messrs. Walter Scott have included a selection from Crabbe's verse in their "Canterbury Poets." I fancy it is Edward Fitzgerald's fondness for Crabbe which has brought the latter somewhat into vogue again; and, of course, we shall all be glad to possess a library edition of his writings.

Another book for the library will be Sir Walter Sendall's promised edition of *The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley*. That there will be a good demand for this we may take for granted. Only four or five years ago the publishers (Messrs. Bell) were encouraged to bring out new editions of the *Verses and Translations*, of the *Translations into English and Latin*, and of the *Theocritus*, as well as of the *Life and Literary Remains*. A still better proof, perhaps, of the popularity of Calverley is to be found in the publication last year of an edition of the *Verses and Translations* at a shilling net.

Welcome, again, will be the announced new edition of Thomas Henry Dyer's *History of Modern Europe*, on which so many of us nourished ourselves for a time when we were young and curly. The work came out originally, I think, just forty years ago. It had been preceded by Dyer's *Life of Calvin*, and was followed by his books on the *City* and *Kings of Rome*. Of the *City of Rome*, by the way, there was a new edition in 1883. The *Modern Europe* has waited long for the distinction it is now about to receive.

It is quite right to describe Mr. Charles Kent (as he was described last week) as an "authority on Dickens," but his friends might well urge that he is a good deal more than that. Perhaps he would himself like to be classed with the poets on the strength of his early volumes—*Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology* (1850) and his *Dreamland; or, Poets in their Haunts* (1862). I fancy, too, he published a volume of lyrics a few years ago. Then his little book about Leigh Hunt, issued only ten years since, deserves to be remembered. His *Charles Dickens as a Reader* dates back to 1872. Mr. Kent's full name, by the way, is William Charles Mark Kent; but there is a strong tendency nowadays, especially among literary men, to cut down the baptismal appellation for professional use. Mr. Gosse, for example, long ago discarded his second Christian name.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West!"

My Autobiography: a Fragment. By F. Max Müller. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

All I could say was that each man must find his own way in life; but if there was any secret about my success, it was simply due to the fact that I had perfect faith, and went on, never doubting, even when everything looked grey and black about me.

Thus this learned, kindly, ingenuous man, curious compound of vanity and modesty, answered the question that the weak are for ever asking the strong: "Will you who have arrived show the way to me?" In this volume he re-travels the road that led a poor German boy to an Oxford professorship, and to membership of the Privy Council. Planned to contain the full story of his life, it is, unhappily, incomplete. He was at work upon it within nine days of his death, "lying in bed, far too weak to sit up in a chair." It ends with the first part of his Oxford period, and has been edited modestly, capably, and with affection by his son.

The autobiography is easy reading. The personality revealed in these rambling pages—his whole-hearted interest in himself, his pride in what he had achieved, his delight in the important friends he made, his vivid memory for the little material hardships of his youth and early manhood—wins the reader's sympathy by its very frankness and naïveté. Max Müller's life was a slow march towards success. Nothing particular happened to him. Yes: fate decreed that he should be the first to bring the news of the French Revolution to London. He tells the story twice in these pages. We quote the longer of the two. Note the characteristic tag:

In March, 1848, I had to go over to Paris to finish up some work there, and just came in for the revolution. From my windows I had a fine view of all that was going on. I well remember the pandemonium in the streets, the aspect of the savage mob, the wanton firing of shots at quiet spectators, the hoisting of Louis Philippe's nankeen trousers on the flag-staff of the Tuileries. When bullets began to come through my windows, I thought it time to be off while it was still possible. Then came the question how to get my box full of precious MSS., &c., belonging to the East India Company, to the train. The only railway open was the line to Havre, which had been broken up close to the station, but further on was intact, and in order to get there we had to climb three barricades. I offered my *concierge* five francs to carry my box, but his wife would not hear of his risking his life in the streets; ten francs—the same result; but at the sight of a *louis d'or* she changed her mind, and with an "Allez, mon ami, allez, toujours," dispatched her husband on his perilous expedition. Arrived in London I went straight to the Prussian Legation, and was the first to give Bunsen the news of Louis Philippe's flight from Paris. Bunsen took me off to see Lord Palmerston, and I was able to show him a bullet that I had picked up in my room as evidence of the bloody scenes that had been enacted in Paris. So even a poor scholar had to play his small part in the events that go to make up history.

Only son of the poet Wilhelm Müller, he was born at Dessau, "a little oasis in the large desert of Central Germany." His memory was prodigious, and he delights to recall the ephemera of his days. He remembers that at Dessau the lowest price for salmon was twopence-halfpenny a pound; that game was sometimes given away; that the inscription over the churchyard gate was "Death is not death, 'tis but the ennobling of man's nature"; that steel pens came in when he was in the lower school; that paper was so dear that he chose a set of copy-books as a birthday present; that he was a martyr to headaches; and that the great Hahnemann failed to cure him,

although "I swallowed a number of the silver and gold globules given me by the founder of homœopathy . . . a powerful man, with a gigantic head and strong eyes, and a most persuasive voice."

The Dessau period over, he went to Leipzig, to school and the University, where he "got a taste of prison life for the offence of wearing the ribbon of a club which the police regarded with disfavour." Then to Paris, to live the life of the poor but happy student. "Often did I go without my dinner, being quite satisfied with boiled eggs and bread and butter." In Paris he began the work of his life in earnest. "On the third day after my arrival I was at the Bibliothèque Royale, armed with a letter of introduction from Humboldt, and the very next day was already at work collating the MSS. of the *Kathaka Upanishad*." Refusing an invitation to St. Petersburg to prepare, in collaboration with Prof. Boehtlingk, a complete edition of the Rig-veda, a gigantic task, to which his brain was already tuned, the day came when he found it necessary "to run over" to London to collate and copy certain MSS. That journey opened the door of his career. In London he was befriended by an unknown, who proved to be William Howard Russell of the *Times*, and was soon at work among the dusty archives of the East India Company in Leadenhall-street. While engaged on this congenial task it occurred to him that "I ought to call and pay my respects to the Prussian Minister, Baron Bunsen." His good fairy was still amiable, for it happened that the work to which the industrious German student proposed to devote his life, an *editio princeps* of the Rig-veda, was the very work to which Baron Bunsen, long before, had proposed to devote his life. The elder man gave his sympathy and help—invaluable help—for he persuaded the Directors of the East India Company to bear the cost of printing the Veda. The Company has gone the way that Little Nations go, but that generous action endures. The edition was printed at the Oxford University Press, and in setting up the type a curious thing happened.

In providing copy for a work of six volumes, each of about 1,000 pages, it was but natural that *lapsus calami* should occur from time to time. What surprised me was that several of these were corrected in the proof-sheets sent to me. At last I asked whether there was any Sanskrit scholar at Oxford who revised my proof-sheets before they were returned. I was told there was not, but that the queries were made by the printer himself. That printer was an extraordinary man. His right arm was slightly paralysed, and he had therefore been put on difficult slow work, such as Sanskrit. There are more than 300 types which a printer must know in composing Sanskrit. Many of the letters in Sanskrit are incompatible, i.e., they cannot follow each other, or if they do, they have to be modified. Every *d*, for instance, if followed by a *t*, is changed to *t*; every *dh* loses its aspiration, becomes likewise *t*, or changes the next *t* into *dh*. Thus from *budh + ta*, we have *Buddha*, i.e., awakened. In writing I had sometimes neglected these modifications, but in the proof-sheets these cases were always either queried or corrected. When I asked the printer, who did not of course know a word of Sanskrit, how he came to make these corrections, he said: "Well, sir, my arm gets into a regular swing from one compartment of types to another, and there are certain movements that never occur. So if I suddenly have to take up types which entail a new movement, I feel it, and I put a query."

The centuries have toyed with India. Dynasties have risen, crumbled, and fallen, wars have swept and blasted her; but through battles, social cataclysms, and changes imposed by arrogant conquerors the Brahmans, unheeding of material things, have lived quietly on, "thinking and dreaming in their forests, satisfied to rule after the battle was over." A man cannot give his life to peering into the secret, spiritual history of that strange land which this nation has touched only on the material side without taking colour from its persistent, secret curiosity to know the meaning of man's brief day of being; and

when that man happens to be a poet and a dreamer, as Max Müller was at heart, he follows the way of a quiet child with a revered parent. So we are not surprised, indeed it is with sympathy, that at the close of his life we find Max Müller expressing his innermost self thus:

The "know thyself," ascribed to Chilon and other sages of ancient Greece, gains a deeper meaning with every year, till at last the I which we looked upon as the most certain and undoubted fact vanishes from our grasp to become the Self, free from the various accidents and limitations which make up the I, and therefore one with the Self that underlies all individual and therefore vanishing I's. What that common Self may be is a question to be reserved for later times, though I may say at once that the only true answer given to it seems to me that of the Upanishads and the Vedanta philosophy. Only we must take care not to mistake the moral Self, that finds fault with the active Self, for the Highest Self that knows no longer of good or evil deeds. Long before I had worked and thought out this problem as the fundamental truth of all philosophy, it presented itself to me as if by intuition, long before I could have fathomed it in its metaphysical meaning.

This Autobiography, the *Auld Lang Syne* volumes, and the profoundly suggestive *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, with its pleasant, garrulous episodes of self-revelation, compose into a picture of Max Müller that remains. Not often does a scholar draw so near to the humanities. Life was his friend; he was always curious. It is the eternal child in Max Müller that draws us to him. By that he kept young to the end; and it is just that companionship of the eternal child in the grown man that the average Englishman with his reticence, his sullen clinging to convention, resents, because he does not understand it. Max Müller had his desire. "The life of a quiet student had been from my earliest days my ideal in life," he once wrote. That by his own efforts was granted to him, and the world shares—that world which to him was always fresh and alluring whenever he lifted his eyes from his dateless documents.

"Thin Partitions."

A Song to David. By Christopher Smart. With an Introduction by R. A. Streatfield. (Mathews.)

IF Lombroso or Max Nordau wished a case made and provided for the express support of their theory—and Dryden's—that "Great wits are sure to madness near allied, And thin partitions do their bounds divide," they could not light on one more beautifully typical than the man whom Dr. Johnson called "poor Kit Smart," except, indeed, that Kit Smart was not a great wit, but a very small one. Nevertheless, the conditions are so framed to their hands that they might disregard this. For, after all, what they want to prove is that genius is a disease, allied more or less obscurely with insanity, and tending towards it. Now Christopher Smart was a very beggarly poet of the eighteenth century, one who had known Addison and Gray, and lived to know Johnson, but had not the smallest claim to rank with those great men beyond their common trade of the pen. Kit Smart, in fact, though he wrote a pestilent deal of verse, could not write poetry—nor anything else. He was a very barren rascal, given to taverns and gambling and profligacy and "pibbles and prables" (as Fluellen says), with a redeeming passion for saying his prayers—when he was mad. Legally mad, that is; for he appears to have been very mad in his senses, and a decent citizen out of them. He went mad—legally and medically—once, and nothing came of it, perhaps because he was not mad enough. Then he went mad again, and being duly shut up in Bedlam wrote one of the finest outbursts of lyric genius in the eighteenth century—perhaps the finest—before the advent of Blake. Blake,

you will remember (who would highly have approved the *Song to David* had he known it, as he probably didn't), was a little mad too, so that altogether it is a "find" which Nordau may weep he did not know. Smart regained his senses, and therewith his hopeless inability to write poetry. And he never did anything after.

Mr. Streatfield and Mr. Elkin Mathews may be thanked for putting this fine poem at last within cheap and easy reach of all. Up to now it has been inaccessible in a complete form, only visible in the British Museum, or by fragments in anthologies. And what a poem it is to have been written in that deadest time of the eighteenth century! Of course it is not the sustained piece of sublimity you might think from the accursed modern trick of hyperbolic enthusiasm: it soars, and drops, and flaps, and pitches skyward again; there are plenty of sufficiently tolerable stanzas, which are not more than terse moralities, and come with a shocking anti-climax after some burst which takes you off your feet like a waterspout. It is far too long and go-as-you-please, in fact. But the best is great, and there is so much of it! Yes, Browning was right when he waxed glorious over this Bedlam masterpiece, at its best so sane and strong. Every here and there a bit like this flashes on the eyes:

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheathe;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp
Among the mines beneath.

"Their darts of lustre sheathe" might be Crashaw, not a mad Georgian poet. Perhaps it needed nothing short of insanity to break through the grave-clothes of that age. Then you have such felicities as:

The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes
And quick peculiar quince.

How that phrase gives the flavour of the fruit to the palate—"And quick peculiar quince!" Then for grandeur take a handful of passages strung together from various parts:

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise,
Commences, reigns, and ends.
The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.
Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said,
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature without voice or sound
Replied, O LORD, THOU ART.

For final dainty, listen to this splendid stanza:

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His strength against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges, as he goes.

But quotation is too seductive. Yet let not the delighted reader shed idle tears over "neglected genius." Neglected geniuses there have been—too many; but Smart was not of them. It took many years of exceedingly bad living to make him mad to any purpose; and society could not be expected to pay for the process. Burning down a house for roast pig would be comparatively cheap and economical.

A Supplement to "Hansard."

A Diary of the Unionist Parliament, 1895-1900. By Henry W. Lucy. Illustrated by E. T. Reed. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

HERE we have reprinted in a handsome volume, and congenially illustrated by pictures drawn by Mr. E. T. Reed for the "Diary of Toby, M.P.," the impressions with which from day to day during the last five years Mr. Lucy instructed and entertained the readers of the *Daily News*. Year by year the tendency to curtail the formal report of Parliamentary proceedings is growing more marked, and in strict proportion the importance of the descriptive reporter has waxed. We want to know, not merely what honourable members laboriously or volubly say, but a little also how they look; not merely the figures of a division, but the moods and moments of the House, the unexpected things it laughs at, the waves of passion that from time to time break through the stiffness of traditional reserve. It is for the descriptive reporter, also, to arrest the moments in which great and good men have looked silly.

By an Elian paradox, it is the dullest members who are the most amusing. Here is a passage from the adventures of Mr. Caldwell, who has been known in Committee to speak forty-one times in one day. Desiring to know why—something, he interposed on a point of order and was "peremptorily but politely shut up by the Chairman":

He left the House—in dudgeon, as some superficial observers thought. But Mr. Caldwell is not the man to flee in the face of Providence, and chuck away the opportunity of talking by the yard. . . . He returned presently with a volume of *Hansard* under his arm. Sir William Wedderburn was still on his legs. . . . Once he hesitated and studied his notes. Mr. Caldwell saw his opportunity.

"On a point of order, Mr. Chairman," he said, and opening the volume he proceeded to read extracts from a former debate which, according to his contention, showed that the Chairman's ruling was indefensible.

It is one of the fundamental rules of Procedure in the House of Commons that no one may argue with Chair. Mr. Caldwell was running counter to this principle, and was rebuked by some cries of "Order!" But when the Member for Mid-Lanarkshire has once started to speak, you may as well try to stop the rainfall in Glasgow as shut him up. . . . Mr. Lowther moved uneasily in the Chair. As for Sir William Wedderburn, who had resumed his seat when Mr. Caldwell interposed, he sat in pained amazement.

Mr. Caldwell, though keeping one eye on the Chairman, paid no heed to signs of impatience from other quarters. Impressively beating the open book with his right hand, he expounded the passage, and was approaching his fifthly when the Chairman of Committees, recovering from the paralysis into which he had temporarily lapsed, interposed and, with some show of sternness, expressed the hope that the hon. member would not further pursue the matter.

Pre-eminently that House's member *pour rire* was his fellow Scot, Mr. Weir.

Whilst Mr. Caldwell sped along gabbling at the rate of two hundred words a minute, Mr. Weir, hampered by the hydraulic machinery which brings his voice up from his boots, moved laboriously in the rear.

His progress is further weighted by difficulties with his pince-nez. Last night Mr. Chamberlain, making a sudden onslaught on Mr. John Burns, had his eye-glass fixed and removed with the rapidity and precision of a shuttle in action. When to-night Mr. Weir was indicting the First Commissioner of Works for complicity in the plunder of visitors to Holyrood Palace the arrangement of his pince-nez was as serious a matter, and almost as prolonged, as the installation of a bishop.

You will probably search in vain among Sir John Brunner's speeches in Hansard for a reference to Bootle; the descriptive reporter has nailed it. It was 1 o'clock p.m., the House had been in continuous session twenty-two

hours, and five Irish members had been suspended; the committee stage of the Agricultural Rating Bill was the occasion. Business was almost finished. Clauses 7 and 8 were passed as rapidly as the Chairman could put the question, and Clause 9 seemed destined for an equally happy fate.

It was at this point that Sir John Brunner loomed casually from Bootle shore. . . . It occurred to him that if . . . he were to make a speech of considerable length the President of the Local Government Board and the House generally might have an opportunity of thinking over his amendment and reaching a deliberate conclusion. Then it was that Bootle occurred to him. . . .

"I remember very well," he said, "when Bootle was a locality almost—"

What it was no man, not even members seated on either hand of the chronicler, knoweth. There arose from the benches opposite an angry shout of "Divide! Divide!" amid which the conclusion of the sentence was driven into space as by a whirlwind. But Sir John was determined that the House should know all about Bootle.

When the roar had subsided he opened his mouth again. "Boot—," he said, and no more. The final syllable of the word was lost in a roar of angry howling. Again and again he strove. Once, apparently changing the subject, he was heard to say, "I could tell a story." This the House felt was worse than Bootle. The roaring grew incessant, and Sir John, with [a] despairing gesture, resumed his seat, like

Him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

There is a highly coloured description of the "buck from Tralee" who in these last days, contemning the effeminate traditions of the House of which he is an unwilling member, has revelled in the fierce joys of a battle with the police.

In his speech he affirmed that Colonel Kirkwood, deputed by the Irish Office to look after Kerry, did not live in the district. Mr. Gerald Balfour rose and quietly, but firmly, observed that that was not the case. Flabbergasted for a moment by this denial, and feeling that in his Sunday clothes he could not meet it with the rejoinder that naturally leaped to his lips, F. L. Flavin said: "Mr. Lowther" (it was really Mr. Ellis who was in the Chair. Mr. Flavin, by way of giving variety to his speech, alternately addressed the Chairman as "Mr. Ellis" and "Mr. Lowther"), "Mr. Lowther, I was born in Kerry, I have lived there all my life, and I never met Colonel Kirkwood." Mr. Flavin . . . returned triumphantly to the pasture of his notes.

From Tralee to Bodmin is a far cry, but even Mr. Leonard Courtney is not found invulnerable. Or was it conscious humour that prompted him, as he held the scales between Sir William Harcourt and the Colonial Secretary, to protest: "It is just to this certainty of conviction that we are always in the right, and that the other side is always in the wrong that I demur." The titter, at any rate, died down under his flashing eye. Finally, here is a picture of Mr. Rhodes before the South African Committee:

The general idea out of doors is that Mr. Rhodes, if not exactly in the dock, is in the witness-box, where he is expected to make humble response to the cross-examination of honourable gentlemen clustered round the outer rim of the horseshoe. In theory that may be accurate. In practice the reverse is the fact. What really happens is that Mr. Rhodes, taking his luncheon about his accustomed hour, is good enough to allow a number of members of the House of Commons to cluster round him. These he, in the intervals of munching sandwiches and imbibing stout, lectures on Constitutional Law, International Relations, and the curious resemblance between the late situation in Crete, *vis-à-vis* English opinion, and the state of affairs in Johannesburg that led to the Jameson Raid.

Mr. Lucy's narrative is so full of humour, that we soon got tired of dabbling at the misprints with a pencil. Besides, there were too many.

The Demolition of Rome.

The Destruction of Ancient Rome: a Sketch of the History of the Monuments. By Rodolfo Lanciani. (Macmillans.)

THE student would be convinced of the continuity of the onward flowing of European opinion as far as the estuary of the nineteenth century, but for one incident in the past—the Renaissance. That seems—has seemed to all historians—to be a pause, a conscious act of self-distrust and appeal to the past, a recantation, a revocation, checking the impetuous course of things; checking also our instinctive conviction that European thought moved forward and never backward until the French Revolution. Then, indeed—and in the whole century now just closed—there was a pause and a revision. Then, indeed, the onward running river met a tide that made it flow upwards, backwards; but otherwise, from Jason's day to Horace Walpole's, there had been continuity, evolution, and a long road without a turning. And now we are confirmed that there never was an age of regret until the nineteenth century, nor an age of self-distrust before it; no other century was ever in this sense modern; we alone restored, we alone preserved, ancient buildings. For the one exception to that long, old course and march of movement, which seemed to be the Renaissance in Italy, is proved to have been no exception whatever, by the fact that the men of the Renaissance demolished ancient Rome.

They loved to put on the manners of Antiquity, but they did not love Antiquity; they loved and trusted themselves and their own To-day. Botticelli was not a belated Greek, but essentially a Florentine. The work of Greece came into Tuscany, but it came by the hands of veritable Greeks, and when Tuscans followed what they did was Tuscan. As to the classic architecture of a later age, the building that has the whole of Rome in possession, it was done by tearing down, burning to lime, hewing to pieces, grinding to powder, melting and crushing the miraculous marble city of the ancients; a city overthrown, indeed, but not destroyed by sack and siege. The ages of the "revival of learning," the ages of the "return to Antiquity," never paused for a single year in their havoc. We are too apt to think of the classical architects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as destroyers indeed, but as destroyers of the work of the Middle Ages only—work that they had taught themselves to hold as barbarous; they were this; they abolished old St. Peter's, the old Lateran, the old Santa Croce, they gave priceless mosaics and exquisite and noble constructions to the pick-axe. But it was not by effacing the Middle Ages that they made Pontifical Rome what it is—a city stamped everywhere with the seal of a single age. They brought about this gaudily dull monotony by making an incessant war upon Antiquity. The sixteenth-century "classical" never was Greek, never was Roman. The very hand of Michael Angelo is to be traced at this business. Tons of Greek statuary turned into lime for plaster for the stucco of the classical ceilings, 250,000 running feet of marble benches in the Coliseum, 30,000 seats of a stadium, 11,500 of one theatre, 18,000 of another, 12,000 of yet another, and columns of rare marble by the hundreds—these are but specimens of the marbles that were used for the transforming of Rome by an age that believed in itself, or were sold for the value of the stone, and scattered—a little Roman marble is worked up in Westminster Abbey.

Prof. Lanciani has made his researches during many years past, as an eye-witness. His book is of first-hand importance and interest, and is so primarily because it is a book of details. His business is with the single and separate documents of this history. We have but used his invaluable material as one of the strongest of proofs of the present thesis—that the Renaissance never interrupted the march of European thought. The check, the retrospection, began in 1789, and produced that "bore" of waters which has not yet fallen calm.

A Real Hamlet.

Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. (Longmans.)

THE Duke of Brunswick figures vaguely upon the stage of English history as the husband, not too fond, of a daughter of George the Third, and the father of the indiscreet and ill-starred Queen Caroline. But in the Continental politics of the Napoleonic period he played a notable and, indeed, a tragic part. His is a somewhat enigmatic personality, which the vigorous character-study before us, originally contributed by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice to the *Edinburgh Review*, and now republished at the suggestion of Lord Rosebery and Sir George Trevelyan, may help to put in a clearer light. The Duke had the splendid and sad career of an Icarus. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice sums it up as follows:

His life is the record of abrupt transitions. One-half consists of great and continuous good fortune; the other, of terrible and ruinous failure. Born in 1735, his sun rises in youthful splendour amid the most brilliant glories of the Seven Years' War; it disappears in the gloom of disaster and defeat in 1806. Just before his death Kalckreuth declared him to be responsible for every coming misfortune; yet Rückert mad—his death the subject of one of those lyrics which aroused Germany against the conqueror; and Byron included him in the splendid tribute which immortalised his son who fell at Quatre-Bras.

Charles William Ferdinand of Brunswick was the favourite nephew and pupil of Frederick the Great. At Crevelt, Minden, and Kirch Denkern, and by the brilliant capture of Fulda, he won the reputation of a dashing and successful general. He was also a man of varied accomplishments, who made Lessing his librarian at Wolfenbüttel, and a statesman of enlightened intelligence and progressive instincts, who held a high place among the political reformers of Germany. Destiny seemed to mark him out to be the effective, if not the dynastic, heir of the glories and position of his uncle. Then came the thunder-clap of the French Revolution. Charles William Ferdinand was engulfed in the deluge. At one moment in 1792 he was on the point of throwing in his lot with France; at the next he signed the challenge of Europe to the new-born state, and took the command of the allied army in the campaign that followed. The retreat before Dumouriez after the capture of Verdun was his first great disaster. But his star had set. Before long he was caught in a net of military incapacity and political intrigue, was matched against Napoleon, and lost life and reputation with one crash at Auerstädt.

It is the object of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice to disentangle and lay bare the fibres of weakness in the Duke's own character which contributed to his failure. He was not wholly to blame. The stars in their courses fought against him. The allied sovereigns who championed him were self-seeking, or inept, or both. In the unequal struggle against Napoleon he was in the position, as Lord Fitzmaurice points out, of another Pompey pitted against the audacities of another young-blooded Cæsar. Nevertheless, he had more than one opportunity to be great, and he consistently fell just short of greatness. He had Hamlet's fault, of will overborne by too subtle intellect; of an imperfect resolution to carry into effect, and to make others carry into effect, his own sure and far-sighted judgment. Even in his brilliant heyday during the Seven Years' War the military scientist, Gaudi, prophesied that in a great crisis he might lack decision. Mirabeau wrote of "the superabundant circumspection which his great distrust of mankind, and his chief foible—his dread of losing his reputation—incessantly inspired. Nor is the deliberate judgment of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice materially different from Mirabeau's.

There are mental conformations which are rendered faulty by a marked disproportion between the ingredients of

intellect and will, of mind and of moral force. A less penetrating and perfect intelligence, under the driving power of a more powerful will, often produces greater results than a broader intelligence moved by a comparatively weak character. So now, when the decisive moment arrived, which Mirabeau had indicated must sooner or later come, when the Duke would have to decide if he would act with authority or not, it was proved that the early suspicions of Gaudi and Westphalen were true; and that, while nature had granted him every faculty of the intellect with an unstinted hand, circumstances, if not Nature herself, had deprived him of the equally necessary quality of moral determination. Hardenberg is said to have once implored him, if he disapproved the proposals put before him, at least to say "No" to them in a determined manner. It was his want of power to do this, his lack of civil as distinct from military courage, which give so Protean an aspect to his career, and account for the opposite verdicts of his contemporaries.

Other New Books.

THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. EDITED BY PROF. SIR MICHAEL FOSTER AND PROF. RAY LANKESTER.

This third volume of an elaborate work is quite equal to its predecessors in printing, plates, and interest of contents. Huxley's activity was incessant, and, besides his books, he left a mass of articles embedded in various periodicals. To collect and edit these is a labour of great value, and no more competent editors could have been chosen than Sir Michael Foster and Prof. Ray Lankester. If the main interest of the present volume be for scientists, there are some papers with a wider appeal. The paper on "Yeast," for example, marks a date. It was among the first revelations to the public of the new science (as it then was in popular estimation) of biology in its aggressively revolutionary aspects. Taking the simple ferment known to every housewife, Huxley showed that it was fermenting other things besides bread or beer—to wit, a whole new conception as to the nature of physical life. The turbidity it produced in fluid, he showed, was due to the presence of innumerable little plant-forms, which took the shape of a speck of viscid, semi-fluid substance called protoplasm, enclosed with a utricle or sac, called the cell-wall, while the organism itself was called a cell. These cells propagated by protruding a portion of their substance, which gradually nipped itself off, and grew to be a fresh cell—the process of *budding*. The action of these living cells on the saccharine fluid containing them brought about its decomposition and started its alcoholisation. Moreover, from cells just like these, essentially, the human body was built up, exercising a similar activity on the matter permeating it. The principle of the basic resemblance between the origins of plant and animal life was started—a resemblance so close that no certain test is known which can establish a fixed boundary-line. The whole germ-theory, and the terrible microbe himself, lay in the egg of that little paper, waiting for Time to hatch them. Such reminiscences give the volume an interest to all. (In 4 vols. Vol. III. Macmillan. 30s. net.)

BALLADS OF DOWN. BY G. F. S. ARMSTRONG.

The Downshire dialect, as exhibited in these poems, is the most curious development of *patois* it has been our lot to meet. It might be described as Scottish with the chill taken off it by an Irish mouth. With more prose and precision, it is a Scots dialect with a peculiar and seemingly capricious admixture of Irish pronunciation, most of the words being pronounced Scots fashion (if we are to trust Mr. Armstrong's spelling), while here and there a word comes out in right Irish fashion—in fact, the original dialect was brought from Scotland, mostly by settlers from Ayrshire, in the time of James I.—so the author tells us

in a note prefixed to the glossary, which he charitably adds. Not that much glossary is requisite. Here is how the tongue goes:

Och, it's plesant to be greeted by a bright wee face
As ye're gaun doon a-loanin' in the murnin', O.
Ro-y lips that, smilin', sho a littl' pearly te-th a-row,
An' a forehead white as curdies frae the churain', O!

Och, it's plesant in the sayson whun the green l'aves turn,

An' yer days o' lave an' co'rtin' lang ir ended, O,
Tae hear a wee-bit laas bid ye welcome as ye pass,
An' see her wee white hand til ye extend-d, O!

The poems themselves, as may be seen from this specimen, are musical, unaffected, direct, and with a certain prettiness. The feeling is true, if there be no special originality in them. Here and there, as is the case with most writers of this class of verse who are not from among the peasantry, the mask of dialect falls aside—in the third line of our quotation, for instance, which is just literary English, from no peasant-mouth. The book is pleasant reading, and the dialect interesting. Not all, however, is dialect. (Longmans.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A LIFE-STUDY IN CRITICISM. BY H. BELLYSE BAILDON.

"He was undoubtedly slovenly," said Stevenson of Scott; "he makes me want to box his ears—God bless him!" And that is rather how we feel about Mr. Baildon. For just that disorder of words which it is one of Stevenson's merits to have disallowed, is in these pages so frequent that we may fairly call it characteristic of the writer's style.

This weakness apart, we find Mr. Baildon's essay eminently readable and reasonable, and with his judgments we are generally in agreement; only we should be inclined to rate more highly than he Stevenson's dramatic work. He finds in the plays little merit or beauty. This verdict he illustrates with what we take to be the worst similitude in the world: "They had to me," he writes, "as literature a bare and homeless air, as of an oil painting out of its frame. The glamour, the brightness, the colour, that make Stevenson's other works so friendly, so warm and so inviting, seemed to have entirely evaporated." It had not occurred to us to attribute to its frame the colour and warmth of "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus."

There are people who will hold Mr. Baildon no true Stevensonian (is not that, by the way, already a rather old-fashioned label?) because his judgment of *Prince Otto* stops short of supreme eulogy. "In detail," he writes, "the book is one of the most brilliant he ever penned, as it is the one on which he bestowed the most pains, and yet as a whole it seems ineffective." This failure of effect the critic attributes to the lack of nerve and decision in *Otto* and *Seraphina*. On the other hand, perhaps, it would not have been possible to find better foils than this Dresden china pair to the delightful von Rosen; in whom, after all, all the strength and undisputed charm of the book resides. Indeed, it would seem that Mr. Baildon's real quarrel with the prince is his exasperating indifference to this fascinating lady. He refrains with difficulty from calling him outright a prig. (Chatto & Windus.)

IN NATURE'S WORKSHOP. BY GRANT ALLEN.

This is a very characteristic bit of the late Mr. Grant Allen's work, the work that he did best of all—viz., simplifying and popularising the doctrine of evolution. Most of the material is collected from book and museum, very little has been gleaned from observation, but the facts are in themselves interesting, and they are set out and illuminated by the author's wide knowledge. Briefly enumerated, the several chapters are on Nature's sextons and scavengers, mimicry, the torpor of plants, masquerades and disguises,

nurseries and curious defences. The vein of thought that was evidently running through the mind of the writer is the close relationship between all kinds of organic life. One finds in nature nothing that is isolated. Mr. Grant Allen is fond of such comparison as that between the stickle-back tricked out in the gaudy ornaments wherewith he charms his mate, and the rural swain in his best dress and gaudiest necktie showing off before the girls at a fair. He shows you the grass of Parnassus "displaying and advertising its imitation honey," with more than a suggestion of the dishonest tradesman going through a similar operation. When introducing his discourse on "plants that go to sleep," he cannot forbear drawing parallels with the squirrel hibernating in the tree-trunk, the dormouse asleep in his grass cradle, the lizards, newts, snakes, and adders dreaming away the winter months, till you feel how very much alike they and we all are, the principle of life ever the same though developed into innumerable forms. It is charming reading even for those more or less familiar with the facts, and must be exceedingly delightful to those who are forming a first acquaintance with them. The only thing that a captious critic might object to is that he seems to endow (or at least uses language that so might be construed) the various creatures with too much consciousness and knowledge of the effort of their action. We open the book at random, and find a caterpillar "pretending" to be a thorn, as if it saw the thorn and deliberately imitated it, which is absurd. Most of the actions of a similar kind are performed as it were automatically. A frightened rabbit will crouch among grey stones and look so like one of them as to deceive any but a very keen eye, but it will do the same on a coursing ground where it is as conspicuous lying as running. The principle of that runs through nature, and it is not brought out in the book before us. (Newnes.)

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK, 1901. ED. BY H. MORRAH.

This is, we believe, the fourth issue of *The Literary Year-Book*, and we think it time for the editor to abandon apologetics and references to the kindness of critics, the suggestions of readers, and what not. It is time, in short, that this annual knew its mind, and took a practical and final shape. We are disappointed with this new edition, because it does not seem to us to fulfil the obvious purposes of a year-book. It contains useful matter, but, as a whole, it is not useful. A literary year-book should at least present the literary annals of the year which it is supposed to cover. But here we find no such performance. The chapter devoted to "The Year's Work, 1900," is a tissue of general reflections, original and quoted, on "The Prospects of Poets," "Instructive Books," "Copyright," "The Novel," &c. As an account of "the work of 1900" it hardly begins to be serviceable. For any large criticism pertinent to the literary developments of the year we look in vain. There are twenty-eight pages of cuttings, of the chopped straw type, from reviews of books published in 1901, but this is mere paste and scissors work. The Obituary is, in our opinion, too short and cut and dried, and should have been given some of the space allotted to the long article on second-hand book sales. Why, moreover, is the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore given an additional appreciation in another part of the volume in distinction from Ruskin and G. W. Steevens and R. A. M. Stevenson and Ernest Dowson, who get only "Obituary" notices? Then there is the Directory of Authors, filling more than one hundred pages. The endless names and addresses of obscure writers, whose lines of work are not indicated, are sorry ballast. They can be of little use to anyone, for an author's address is easily obtainable by those who require it. The best thing in the book is Mr. Warwick W. Draper's article on the state of Copyright legislation.

No, let Mr. Morrah beware of smooth words. *The Literary Year Book* halts ever between two, or twenty,

opinions. No useful, masterful conception governs it, and, as we have tried to indicate, some of its most obvious tasks are left undone. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

One day we shall all wake up and find that the persistent word is "Newfoundland." For the Newfoundland question has to be settled in peace or war, and already publicists, amateur and professional, are anxious to understand its bearings. They will find real assistance in Mr. Beckles Willson's *The Truth About Newfoundland* (Richards), originally published four years ago and now revised and enlarged. It is an admirable little book, as lively in tone as it is solid in information. Mr. Willson, as most people know, is one of the rather numerous historians of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The North-American Indian has been the subject of endless study, and works dealing with his tribal varieties and origins are almost legion. In *The North Americans of Yesterday* (Putnam's, 21s.) Mr. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh adopts the theory of the ethnic unity of the race, and supports his conclusions with a great deal of learning united to a moderate statement of his convictions. It is not, however, necessary to weigh the author's larger conclusions against those of other authorities in order to enjoy his clearly written and beautifully illustrated pages. There can be nothing dry about a work in which the origin, habits, and abilities of a dying and inarticulate race are investigated. The publishers have given to the book a handsome dress which accords alike with its scholarship and its romance. The illustrations number about 350.

Mr. Punch has issued a delectable album (at half-a-crown net) of the cartoons which Sir John Tenniel contributed to its pages during fifty years. The first in the collection is called "May Day, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-One." A more delightful book to "lie about" cannot be imagined. We had hardly thought that these old cartoons, remarkable as works of art, could still open the springs of laughter so freely as they do. But turn to the cartoon of February, 1891, called "Retire!—What do You Think?" in which Mr. Gladstone utters the words with an indescribable wink and wearing his hat at a rakish tilt, and you will find it hard to leave the page. Or look at Mr. Chamberlain rehearsing a speech to his looking-glass. From such comical summaries of a situation you may turn to austerities like "On the Trail" done after the Phoenix Park murders, or the splendid "Too Late" on the death of Gordon.

To the "Heroes of the Reformation" series Messrs. Putnams have added a volume on Zwingli, by the editor of the series, Mr. Samuel Macauley Jackson. Mr. Jackson is much in love with his subject, on which he has spent manifest care. Maps, illustrations, and a good index are among the equipments of the volume, and we note that the author made a special journey from America to Switzerland in order to obtain local colour and photographs. The book is crowded with facts, and with notes and *excursus* for the more serious student.

Winsome Womanhood: Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct, by Margaret E. Sangster (Oliphant), is very charmingly produced, and, as a manual of good advice, in which the Christian standpoint is taken, it makes an excellent gift-book. But some will consider its matter much too religious, and will be inclined to smile at the photographs of girls of beautiful and subdued mien which are thrust here and there, without explanation, between the pages.

A new edition of the late Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's *History of the Mathesons*, enlarged and brought up to date by Mr. Alexander McBain, will be welcomed by students of the history of the Scottish clans. Since Mr. Mackenzie's work appeared, in 1882, much important new material has come to light. The present enlarged edition is issued by Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling.

Fiction.

The Church of Humanity. By David Christie Murray.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

It speaks well for Mr. Murray's individuality that after a quarter of a century or so of the literary market-place he should be able to produce this original and powerful novel. *The Church of Humanity* is not only constructed with fresh dramatic skill, but it has some genuine imaginative force, and imaginative force is precisely the quality least often discoverable in current fiction. It is the story of an uneducated travelling actor who, having drunk himself into *delirium tremens*, "got religion" at an open-air meeting held opposite to his own booth, and became a famous revivalist. The episode of John Manger's parting from his manager, after the oath of temperance, shows observation:

"John," said Cleckett, "I've been a good friend to you in my time—you can't deny it. It's only a year since I saw you through the 'orrors, when you wouldn't have another creature by you. I let you off your contract now, though I might go agen you. But if you part with me without one good-bye drink, I've done with you, and you've done with Edward Cleckett."

A sick tide of craving shook John Manger from head to foot.

"I'll take a final glass, Edward," he said; "and it shall be the last, so help me God!"

"Not it!" Cleckett answered, with a hand upon the bottle.

"There's a tanner," said John Manger, fumbling in his pocket, and laying the coin upon the table. "That'll pay for breakage. I'm going to smash this tumbler, and I pray the Lord may break my soul in pieces like I break this glass if ever I touch it any more. Touch! Good-bye, Edward."

They touched glasses and they drank together. Then Manger dashed his glass upon the floor, and the two men parted.

The next morning, however, Manger began to drink again, and in the result, since he could not preach without alcohol, he tumbled in order to save souls. Then a hypnotist established an influence over him and cured him; and John Manger, now renowned in every ranting conventicle throughout England, married and was happy. But his wife happened to be a fallen woman, and, to cut the tale short, Manger finished at the gallows for murder. Mr. Murray has not been afraid of "strong" incident, and he has handled his incident with strength and with a surprising freedom from sentimentality, that besetting sin of the melodramatist. The psychology of Manger's extraordinary soul is analysed with an insight and a rough mastery that amount to distinction. Mr. Murray cares little for style, but nevertheless he achieves an absence of style which is better than some styles.

The Frobishers. By S. Baring-Gould.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. BARING-GOULD is apparently making a perambulation of England in quest of local colour to diversify the monotony of his innumerable romances. He has now got as far as the Staffordshire Potteries—a district of great psychological and sociological interest which still awaits its novelist. One may perceive everywhere in *The Frobishers* that the author has studied his country on the spot—"crammed" it, indeed, for the particular purpose of this story; he has utilised even his hotel experiences. Lead-poisoning and all the potter's diseases loom large in the tale, which contains a *précis* of the history of a notorious trade dispute carried down to the Home Secretary's Order of January, 1899. Also the fact that electric has recently superseded steam traction in the thoroughfares of the Potteries has not escaped the observant eye of Mr. Baring-Gould.

As for the story, Joan Frobisher, the heroine, belonged to a county family. Meeting with a mishap to her horse while hunting she met a good Samaritan, and shortly afterwards her father died, and she was left a beggar. That Samaritan was the Heir-at-law. Naturally she marries him in the end; but meanwhile her adventures as a "paintress" on a "potbank" fill a couple of hundred pages. The philosophic schemes which she adumbrates are far wilder than those of Angela Messenger; and as a picture of "operative" manners the whole book may be called wild in the extreme. Hasty, superficial, and pervaded by inaccuracy under a pretence of documentary exactitude, *The Frobishers* is just an average specimen of Mr. Baring-Gould's productivity—equal in value, say, to his studies of Dartmoor.

Duke Rodney's Secret. By Perrington Primm.
(Jarrold. 6s.)

FROM some information facing the title-page of this book we learn that a Scottish paper said of the author's previous novel: "Anyone with a few idle hours to spare deserves little sympathy if he cannot pass the time pleasantly in its company." We venture to use the remark of the Scottish paper in respect to *Duke Rodney's Secret*. The hypothetical person "deserves little sympathy," but he does deserve a little; not because the workmanship of the tale is very clumsy, but because Perrington Primm's outlook upon life is so artless, and her reliance upon the truth of other people's fiction so child-like. We have here, indeed, yet another example of an unpretentious story fairly well contrived and executed, of which the human nature from beginning to end is "fiction-nature." Marmaduke Rodney, his oppressed step-daughter, her dissolute husband, and the rest of the crowd, are all of them descendants of fictive creatures—a breed weakened and decadent by reason of generations of close inter-marriage. Even the untamable sea, in such books as this, is a fictive sea, guaranteed to perform certain feats at the word of command.

One of the worst storms of the year raged in the English Channel that night, and soon the papers were teeming with the news of shipwrecks and disasters, giving in gruesome detail the death of many a gallant sailor.

An American liner reported having run down a yacht at midnight, but of her crew or name she knew nothing. Two days later a lifebuoy, bearing the name of the *Dawntless*, was picked up. That was the last they ever heard of Maurice's yacht. The rolling, hissing waves of the Channel had closed over the head of the only man who could have divulged Mrs. Helton's sin. But as one wipes a sum from off a slate with a wet sponge, so had the Channel removed all trace, all record, of what she had done. Connie alone knew, and she would keep silent.

It would be easy to invent phrases of ridicule for the extinction of *Duke Rodney's Secret*, to take any given page and riddle it with the ordnance of literary superiority. But to what end? The book is not bad; it is merely feeble, conventional, and innocuous. It has unity and form. It is not stilted nor insincere nor misleading. And so let us tolerate it.

According to Plato. By Frank Frankfort Moore.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

GLANCED through at intervals, *According to Plato* might serve for a diversion. The tragedy of the situation is that it must stand or fall by its verbal smartness. It has no emotion, and the plot, melodramatic, unoriginal, and based on coincidence, is very weak indeed. We have found one somewhat witty saying. In her essay on Platonic affection, Amber says: "It is the theory of a Greek Sophist to define the attitude of a sculptor in regard to his marble. It also defines the attitude of the marble in regard to the sculptor."

The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss.
(Methuen. 6s.)

It is a safe rule always to mistrust a novel whose title is "The something of somebody": such novels are almost invariably tenth-rate. *The Redemption of David Corson*, however, shows signs of having been written with joyful care by a writer with an instinct for words. The place and time of the story are Ohio and the fifties, and the descriptions of nature in an apparently delightful region are done with much effectiveness, and, moreover, they disclose some true feeling. The rural hero is conventionally conceived. We have met him many times, especially in American novels:

But however limited his knowledge of men and affairs, the young mystic had acquired an extraordinary familiarity with the operations of the divine life which animates the universe. He seemed to have found the pass-key to nature's mysteries, and to have acquired a language by which he could communicate with all her creatures. He knew where the rabbits burrowed, where the partridges nested, and where the wild bees stored their honey. He could foretell storms by a thousand signs, possessed the homing instinct of the pigeons, knew where the first violets were to be found, and where the last golden-rod would bloom. The squirrels crept down the trunks of trees to nibble the crumbs which he scattered for them. He could . . .

And so on. The story of his "redemption" is serious but clumsy; a striking example of its solemn awkwardness is the incident of the justice and the alleged false marriage on p. 182. Mr. Goss will probably do a much better book in the future. In the meantime he should avoid prose like this:

The day had died regretfully upon a couch
O'erhung with gorgeous canopies
And the ensanguined bier still seemed
To tremble with his last sigh.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BABS THE IMPOSSIBLE.

By SARAH GRAND.

Babs is like this. When she makes General St. Lambert kiss her (he is one of many) she says to him: "How nice you smell! What sort of soap do you use?" Between the pages of *Babs* we find a booklet containing an interview with the gifted authoress, who remarks therein: "I have taken a countryside denuded of its men, with its consequent waste of women, and played with the preposterous comedy of life that is being lived under the unnatural conditions." In former books Mrs. Grand "exposed" (we believe that is the right word) Man. In *Babs the Kisser* she "exposes" Woman. What is left for Mrs. Grand's old age? we ask anxiously. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

PRO PATRIA.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

This is another of the England invasion stories, written with a sense of conviction that is uncommon in such yarns. The attack was to have been made through a secret Channel tunnel, and one of the pictures shows "a lonely house . . . and from a great shaft a silent army emerging." But it was only a dream of the narrator's, "a simple soldier stumbling blindly upon the heart of the nation's peril." (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE. By GRAHAM HOPE.

A historical novel by a new writer, dedicated "to all who have helped me, especially to my aunt." The story begins in 1563, shortly before the outbreak of the civil war in France. The hero is Charles de Guise, Cardinal of

Lorraine, one of the leaders of the Catholic faction; the heroine is Renée de Beauvoir, whose brother is a fanatical Calvinist. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

AMONG THE SYRINGAS.

By MARY E. MANN.

Mainly about Barbara. Among the other characters are "several new specimens of the genus country clergyman." The motto on the title-page is—"Who is born a woman is born a fool." Possibly this applies to Barbara who marries a man she had never seen. But he wrote rather nice letters, and Barbara was satisfied. "I prefer the man I don't know," she said. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

TAKEN BY ASSAULT.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Love and adventures in South Africa during the early part of the war before the relief of Kimberley, with chapters called "Ho! for Krügerland"; "In Oom Paul's Stronghold"; "I Escape"; "The Veldt," &c. (Sands. 6s.)

THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Her name was Geraldine, and of course she was the youngest of the family. Geraldine "didn't begin as a beauty," and for some time she thought she would never marry, but in Chapter X "a most curious feeling came over me when I realised that my marriage ceremony had come to an end, and that I had taken the irrevocable step which had transformed me from Geraldine Piercy into Lady Squire." An unaffected, somewhat amusing story. (White. 6s.)

A SOLDIER OF THE KING.

By DORA M. JONES.

Being some passages in the life of Mr. John Clifford, sometime major in the service of King Charles I. "It was about six o'clock in the evening, in the middle of February, 1648, and a wild night was coming on. . . . About the solitary horseman nothing definite could be asserted. . . . As the two travellers neared him—"Good sirs, I am a stranger in these parts. Of your kindness, let me know how far I am from Maidstone." (Cassell. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF MYSTERY.

By R. N. SILVER.

A sensational story of modern life. "For certain professional details in Chapter XLIII. the author is indebted to the kindness and expert knowledge of Mr. —, the well-known scientific instrument-maker of — street." The author is also indebted to the X rays. When the X-ray record stole into sight "oh, so slowly," the operator remarked: "'Got 'em, my boy. An old separation of the great tuberosity of the humerus, with some slight permanent displacement. You shall smite the Philistines hip and thigh.'" (Jarrold. 6s.)

HIS FAMILIAR FOE.

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

A military narrative telling (we quote the author's words) "the story of the degrading inheritance of Captain Robert Ducie, of H.M. Silver Lancers, his struggles, defeats, victory, his marriage, fatherhood, and love." The Silver Lancers was a decidedly "good" regiment. "The guinea fine for mentioning a lady's name at mess was strictly enforced," and "Shams of any kind, from shirt-fronts and button-holes upwards were discountenanced." (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

By T. R. THREEFALL.

"I, Joseph Goodburn, of the parish of Martindale, in the county of Westmoreland, England, being a prisoner and an exile in an unknown corner of Africa, am constrained to narrate my strange adventures in the hope that my friends in the old country, who have perchance sorrowed for me as for one long dead, may know that I still live and am possessed of the wherewithal to keep me from starving." (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

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The Philosophy of the Short Story.

IN a tiny volume, *The Philosophy of the Short-story* (note well the hyphen, for it has a significance), by Prof. Brander Matthews, D.C.L., of Columbia University, published by Messrs. Longmans, the whole question of the short story is critically and historically "raised." The Professor is known in this country as an amiable *flâneur* of letters, and in America not only as an expert on dramatic literature, but also as a contributor of short stories to the magazines; it will be seen whether or not the present book is likely to substantiate the fabric of his reputation. His aim appears to be threefold: to define the short story, to give an outline of its history, and to prove that it differs essentially from the novel. "I have written 'Short-stories' with a capital S and a hyphen," he says, "because I wished to emphasise the distinction between the Short-story and the story which is merely short. The Short-story is a high and difficult department of fiction. The story which is short can be written by anybody who can write at all; and it may be good, bad, or indifferent; but at its best it is wholly unlike the Short-story." From this we must infer that every Short-story is good, and yet that it resembles the story which is short only when the latter is indifferent or bad. A Short-story, we are told, deals with a single character, a single event, a single emotion, or the series of emotions called forth by a single situation. "No one has ever succeeded as a writer of Short-stories who had not ingenuity, originality, and compression," and the successful have usually also had "the touch of fantasy"; by which Prof. Matthews means the supernatural. But "the successful novelist may be common-place." In the matter of form the Professor is somewhat vague. "The Short-story should not be void or without form, but its form may be whatever the author please." It is true that three pages later he says that the Short-story is "one of the few sharply defined literary forms," but he omits to define that form, sharply or otherwise. As regards subject, however, our philosopher hits the nail on the head with absolute precision: "The Short-story is nothing if there is no story to tell." Here is perhaps the sole incontrovertible statement in the book, and one regrets that its effectiveness should be impaired by another remark on the same page, "The Short-story, far more than the Novel even, demands a subject." As an example of a good subject, the Professor summarises "one of the very finest Short-story ideas ever given to any mortal," in the following words: "The startling and fascinating fantasy that by sheer force of will a man might have been able to draw down from the depths of the sky a lovely astral maid to share his finite human life." This idea occurred to Hugh Conway, but poor Hugh "fails from sheer deficiency of style." Prof. Matthews wonders what Théophile Gautier would have made of it. We wonder, too. Lastly, "the sense of form and the gift of style are essential to the writer of a good Short-story" (then after all there are bad), and "the construction must always be logical, adequate, harmonious."

So much for what the Short-story is and the Short-story-writer must have. Turning to history, "from Chaucer and Boccaccio we must spring across the centuries until we come to Hawthorne and Poe." "In these five hundred years there were great novelists not a few, but there was no great writer of Short-stories." (What cheer, shade of Balzac, with your *Grande Brétèche*?) "A little later than Hawthorne and Poe . . . are Merimée and Turgenev. . . . Now at the end of the nineteenth century we find two more that no competent critic would dare to omit—Guy de Maupassant and Rudyard Kipling." The history of the Short-story, *la voilà!* Toward filling up the gap between Hawthorne and Kipling, the Professor remarks that "for fifty years the American Short-story has had a supremacy which any competent critic could not but acknowledge." (It is good to note that the Professor silently disdains the incompetent critic.) Here we begin to arrive at the point, and the point is that the American Short-story is supreme, partly because Jonathan has more "fantasy" than John Bull, and partly because "in the British magazine the serial Novel is the one thing of consequence, and all else is termed 'padding.'" Among a list of the "ten best short stories" are:

"My Double and how he Undid Me," by Edward Everett Hale.

"Devil-Puzzlers," by Frederick B. Perkins.

Other masters of the form, we are told, are Mr. Bunner. Mr. Aldrich, Colonel De Forrest, and Miss Sarah O. Jewett.

Still, "I do not say, of course, that the good and genuine Short-story is not written in England now and then, for if I were to make any such assertion some of the best work of Mr. Stevenson, of Mr. Besant, and of Mr. Anstey would rise up to contradict me; but this is merely an accidental growth." And in continental Europe "it would be difficult to commend too warmly" the Short-stories of Turgenev, while "the best work of Merimée has never been surpassed," and de Maupassant's Short-stories "are masterpieces." But let not these writers unduly plume themselves. With the two former "compression was almost a mania," and "Turgenev carried his desire for conciseness so far that he seems always to be experimenting to see how much of his story he may leave out." As for the third, "In *Le Horla* . . . we find Maupassant taking for his own Fitzjames O'Brien's uncanny monster. . . . O'Brien's very startling tale, *What Was It?* is to be found in the volume of his Short-stories called *The Diamond Lens*." Certainly it speaks well for the amiability of O'Brien's character that he has never publicly complained of that atrocious plagiarism.

With only one portion of this careless and absurd compilation is it possible to deal at all seriously. In his appendix the Professor writes with naïve complacency: "So far as the author is aware, he had no predecessor in asserting that the Short-story differs from the Novel essentially—and not merely in the matter of length. So far as he knows, it was in the present paper the suggestion was first made that the Short-story is in reality a *genre*, a separate kind, a genus by itself." No doubt it was the obsession of this theory which caused him, after stating it briefly in an English weekly in 1884, to restate it at greater length in an American monthly in 1885, then to include that second statement in a volume of essays in 1888, and, finally, to issue it, revised and enlarged, as a separate brochure in 1901. The Professor says: "The difference between a Novel and a Novelet is one of length only: a Novelet is a brief novel; but the difference between a Novel and a Short-story is a difference of kind. A true Short-story is something other and something more than a mere story which is short. A true Short-story differs from the Novel chiefly in its unity of impression. In a far more exact and precise use of the word, a Short-story has unity as a Novel cannot have it." All this is wrong, a negligent utterance of negligent thought. How

can a Short-story be "something other than" a short story? The answer is that it cannot. All that can be usefully asserted is that a *précis* of a long novel might make a bad short story. The whole difference between the Novel and the Short-story arises from the difference of length. It is because the short story is short that it usually deals with "a single episode," &c. But some short stories deal with many episodes; for instance, de Maupassant's *Odyssée d'une Fille*. If Prof. Matthews says that the *Odyssée d'une Fille* is not a Short-story, or is a bad Short-story, or is an inferior "mere" short story, or is a *précis* of a long novel, he is mistaken: that is all. It is an ancient game to fit facts into a theory by the device of arbitrarily limiting the significance of everyday words, but a very tiresome game; and no one will follow the Professor in his attempt to lay down a rule that short stories are not short stories unless they happen to be short stories of a particular sort. There is no difference whatever of kind between a Novel and a Short-story. The latter relates an episode, the former a succession of episodes: each is self-complete. "Of a truth," the Professor says again, "the Short-story is not only not a chapter out of a Novel . . . but [*sic*] at its best it impresses the reader with the belief that it would be spoiled if it were made larger, or if it were incorporated into a more elaborate work." Here is a platitude: every art work should be alterable only at the cost of its perfection. Not even in technique is there a difference between the two forms; the methods of narrative are the same for one episode as for a chain of episodes. And touching that alleged more absolute "Unity of impression" of the Short-story, what the Professor ought to mean is that the impression made by the Short-story is less complex, simpler (he might have added, less powerful) than that made by the Novel. But complexity does not exclude unity, nor need simplicity include it. The truth is that the Professor has excoagitated this part of his theory from the well-known paradoxical essay in which Poe tries to demonstrate that there can be no such thing as a long poem, and that every so-called long poem is, in fact, a series of short ones. But perhaps the most astonishing of all the Professor's assertions is that "the difference in spirit and in form between the Lyric and the Epic is scarcely greater than the difference between the Short-story and the Novel."

For years past it has been a fashion among prattlers to prattle about "the art of the short story," as though it were something apart, high, and of unique difficulty. The short story is a smaller, simpler, easier, and less important form of the novel. Other things being equal, a short story can never have the force of a novel. As to the comparative difficulty of the two, ask any author who has written both fine novels and fine short stories.

Things Seen.

The Bankrupt.

"ISRAEL GOTTLEIB!" called the crier. There was a slight shuffling of feet, and the ideal Semitic head appeared above the witness-box: the crisp, black hair and full beard; the thick, sensuous lips; and the dark, tired eyes of one who had been a bond-slave and had wandered in the wilderness. It was in the Little Shodley bankruptcy court; a fussy solicitor rose to examine him as to his trading accounts. Israel had been defrauding his creditors; that was clear as the noonday sun. But the thing had been done legally and in due form of law. Ten short years ago he came from Russian Poland, and arrived penniless in Shodley, where he began making slippers, and apparently prospered. His business grew, and he employed many workmen, also from Russian Poland; and

he had many transactions in cottage property. His increase was a delusion. All the cottages were bought on behalf of his wife, Rebecca, who had purchased them out of her savings as a housekeeper, and the profits accruing from the taking in of lodgers. He was not to blame if the ignorant Gentiles of Shodley gave him extensive credit, in the belief that he was a property owner.

Evil times fell upon the slipper business; thieves broke in and stole scores of dozens of slippers, of which no trace was ever found. Fire consumed, and he was not insured. Thus it was that his liabilities were six thousand pounds sterling, and his assets nil. The solicitor for the creditors was the descendant of Gurth the swineherd; and Israel looked at him out of the tired eyes that were weary with the wisdom of the ages and the whole art of double-dealing. What were the wits of this keeper of pigs against his whose fathers had spoiled the Ptolemies, and beaten Greek and Venetian in the game of bluff long before the swineherd had left off painting himself blue. The leather and slippers had all been stolen or burned. The diamond rings, the scarf-pin, the watch and chain he used to wear belonged to Rebecca; she had only lent them to him. He was a broken man who had nothing. That was all the solicitor for the creditors could extract, and he of the weary eyes looked pityingly at us all as he turned to leave the box when the Registrar ordered the examination to be closed.

Khaki Clad.

THE day was the first of spring. On the platform of Charing Cross District Station men waited for their homeward trains with overcoats unbuttoned. I, too, had followed their example, but found no relief thereby, till I turned towards the bookstall and saw a man hotter than myself. A man, I say, and I pay him a compliment which his bragging walk would fain have made a reality. He wore the uniform which stands for patriotism and wore it all—even the big overcoat which stood out like a crinoline over his bulging pockets and all those extras which are the joy of a newly-enlisted soldier. And as he paced up and down his heavy brown boots creaked so that a Boer might have received ample warning of his near approach. He walked in all the glory of his new clothes, looking as if he had fallen into a pot of badly-mixed mustard. Suddenly he stopped to read the news: "Why Botha Refused our Terms." He read it on the various newsboards and walked away, swinging his brilliantly new "swagger" with an air of strong conviction that the great Botha would be brought to terms when he arrived at the seat of war. His face was growing purple with the effort of seeming at ease in his cavalier hat and heavy coat while the crowd turned to watch his hasty impatience. He turned his kit-bag round with his foot and stood for a moment in deep thought. But it was not for long—the newness of his grandeur made him uneasy and he recommenced his creaky march. Again he stopped before the stall, re-read the news, and his crimson face grew fixed with a manly determination. He changed his "swagger" from one hand to the other, threw back the flap of his coat, dived deep, and with much action, into the pocket of his riding breeches and drew out a brand-new purse; from this he took a halfpenny, which he threw to the newsboy. He turned over the paper, and read. Then he started on his march to and fro with a swing which set the skirts of his coat swaying from left to right in true martial rhythm.

Close by me, and watching, too, stood a "regular" with bronzed face and an air of meeting everything stoically—he turned to me with a twinkle in his eye: "We've all been boys like that," he said.

Some Translators and Job.

LET it be set against the tribulations of Job that he was spared the knowledge of his translators. By a regrettable fate, even our Authorised Version has sinned gravely in its rendering of this Biblical book. It is nowhere a guide blindly to be trusted by the blind; but if its language is nowhere grander than in this grand book, it has outdone itself in mistranslation. At every turn the student trips over the oddest phrases or sentences that ever (to use its own word) "darkened counsel." The wise thinks himself unusually dull or dyspeptic; the unwise grumbles at Eastern obliquities of speech. A glance at the Revised or some other modern version certifies that for once the wise is as "out of it" as the unwise. It is sheer bungle of the translators. Sometimes these blunders are ludicrous; occasionally they hit on mistaken sublimity; often they are exasperating obscurations of important points. When the Jacobean translators were "out," they seem to have "made a shot" at the meaning with all the happy-go-lucky audacity of schoolboys—schoolboys of genius. From the poetical standpoint nothing can replace the Authorised Version. But there is unusual room for modern translations which shall illuminate the sense.

Two such attempts now lie before us, supplements to the Revised Version. One is of American birth, and may be briefly dismissed. It is nothing less than a metrical version of the Book of Job, and only the jaunty American spirit could have conceived its jaunty pretensions. These are: "To get the actual text in its purest form, and in its original sequence. To translate literally, so as to give each word and phrase its usual meaning at the date of its authorship, while carefully endeavouring to provide its exact modern equivalent. To preserve, in every instance, the characteristic and peculiar style of each of the sacred penmen. To give the poetical writings in verse form, line for line, and in the original metre, or at least rhythm. To bring into view the peculiarities that occur in the wording of the text. To translate it into a living language—the English as it is spoken to-day. To make the book pleasantly readable, so far as the printer's art can make it." The italics, which are our own, emphasise the bold assumptions of the original. Can you believe that the "original metre, or at least rhythm," was Swinburnian anapaests (the anapaests of "Dolores") without rhyme? The "English as it is spoken" is like this—at times:

"Why, to try for him would be in vain!
One drops, if but looking at him!"

Or this:

"Can you play with him, as with a bird?
Or put in a cage for your girls?
Can your friends make a feast off of him?
Or can he to merchants be sold?"

You have, in fine, all the ignobilities of a modern "literal translation" without its literality—its precision. If very small type can make a book "pleasantly readable," then the "printer's art" is successful. Authorial modesty has valued the work at sixpence, and we will not dispute it. Further than that the translator is Mr. Ferrar Fenton and the publishers Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son we need not go.

Translated by Mr. F. H. Wilkinson, and issued by Messrs. Skeffington & Son, Piccadilly, the other book is a contrast in modern versions of the much tried Patriarch. It gives the text clearly and faithfully, with as much of literary instinct (aided by the Authorised Version) as can perhaps be expected from a modern translator; it makes the *schema* of the poem (for such it is) as plain to the eye as arrangement can make it; the notes are excellent and very helpful; and the preface gives an admirable exposition of Job. Yet we have against him that he copies the American-born device of printing the lines in fancy

arrangements to look like English metre. This is the kind of thing:

If thou in earnest would'st turn unto God,
And address thy prayer to the Almighty,
If only thou wast pure and upright,
He surely would stir up His might for thee,
And restore thy righteous dwelling.
Thy former state would seem but small
Compared with the greatness of thy latter end.

There is nothing in the original to correspond with this quite arbitrary form, which pretends to be a complex stanza and is not—having neither rhyme nor metrical length to differentiate it. To understand what the author gains and loses, compare with the Authorised Version his description of the horse:

Didst thou bestow might on the war-horse?
And clothe his neck with a flowing mane?
Didst thou teach him to leap like a locust,
And neigh in his terrible pride?
He paws in the valley—exults in his strength,
Boldly he charges the armed warriors;
He mocks at fear, and is not affrighted,
He turneth not back from the sword;
Upon him rattleth the quiver,
The glittering spear, and javelin.
He frets, and impatiently paws up the ground,
And will not be still at the sound of the trumpet,
At the trumpet's blast, he cries Ha! Ha!
And scenteth the battle afar.

Beside this put the magnificent recognised translation:

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted: neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

You grieve at once (as with all modern versions) for the disappearance of the rhythm in Mr. Wilkinson's passage; wherewith goes its fitness as a vehicle for the poetry. It gains by correcting several mistranslations, notably the absurd "neither knoweth he that it is the sound of the trumpet," and "canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?" But there are needless displays of petty originality. What is gained by the modern form in "mocks at fear"? And it becomes intolerable when it is immediately followed by the archaic form in "turneth." But note that in other passages the corrections are far more important, since they affect total intelligibility. On the whole, Mr. Wilkinson has done valuable work.

For the Book of Job cannot be too much read or understood. In that element of power which we English love so well, it is probably the world's greatest poem. You may believe, if you will, that it is an actual record, or accept the generally held view that it was a work perhaps about the period of the Captivity, founded on facts. Job, there is little doubt, was an historical person, whose wealth and calamities were a tradition, like those of Croesus among the Greeks. But all this does not affect the form and aim of the work. Obviously, to all intents and purposes, it is what may be called a dramatic poem, using the Patriarch's story as a setting for a solemn consideration of the problem of Evil. For this reason, like *Ecclesiastes* (so different in tone), it will be read while there is evil in the world.

How great and symmetrical is the treatment when it is properly grasped! After a brief prefatory account of Job, the poem opens with what is virtually a prologue, setting forth the "argument" of the action. By a sublime invention, the prologue takes place before the Throne of God, where Satan is introduced, mocking at the untried

virtue of Job, which he sceptically affirms would give way before misfortune. He is accorded permission to afflict the hero, and when Job's virtue still survives, is allowed to increase his calamities, bringing him to the state of a leprous pauper, cast forth from all. Goethe seized the idea of this opening for his own *Prologue in Heaven* to *Faust*; the argument being similar—that a good man, however tempted,

Has still an instinct of the one true way.

Job's three friends then come on the scene, and sit by him in silence—a finely natural stroke. A lesser master than the nameless author would have made them break forth at once in lamentation. Job first speaks, to curse his birth in imprecations fine as those different curses of Simon. That he is meant to blaspheme should not be judged. It is but the hyperbolic Eastern parallel to an Englishman's lamenting his unlucky star—the grief-stunned heart awaking with cries of pain which says more than it really means. Only in Burger is such excess punished by a demon ride and ridiculous *can-can* of skeletons. Job's friends increase his misery by Pharisaic application of the Hebrew notion that calamity is a punishment for sin. Under the Old Law, men whose understanding was still childlike were led by the child's way of present reward and chastisement. Job is a token that the higher way of the New Law was casting its shadow before.

It is a point worth notice that one of the friends is a Temanite. Teman was the home of a philosophic sect, like the Magi; and the "wisdom of Teman" is as Scripturally renowned as the wisdom of the Magi. Job's reply denies that he has sinned so as to deserve his punishment, and impeaches the justice of God in his regard. When the friends repeat their contention with emphasis, he points to the frequent prosperity of the wicked in refutation. Finally a fourth speaker, Elihu, advances a fresh view—that calamity is a merciful warning to the sinner to repent. Job does not even answer him; and Elihu (a young man) characteristically loses his temper, tells Job he is "full of the judgment of the wicked," and prophesies new punishment in the approaching storm.

But it heralds the coming of Jehovah, who decides the controversy, and gives Job the vindication he demanded, but which he thought would only come with death. It was a magnificent idea to make the Creator the judge of the contention, and let the poem end with Him from whom it started. The poetry rises to the height of the daring demand, and the two speeches of Jehovah are the greatest in the book. Rebuking Job's questioning of Providence, he passes in review all the vastness and might of creation; then, when Job abases himself before the awful idea, and confesses his fault, by a magnificent figure Jehovah bids him clothe himself with Omnipotence, and rule the world of which he had impugned the rule. The elemental grandeurs of imagery, the amplitude of survey, the primal sublimities of conception in all these portions are beyond belief. It is truly speech of thunder, as worthy the mouth of the Deity as human powers and human symbols could make it. The lightnings, that start forth like servants to God's bidding, and answer "Here we are!" the treasure-houses of the snow; the sea, swathed in darkness and cloud as in swaddling-bands, the wonderful descriptions of the horse, Behemoth, and Leviathan—all these images hang incumbent over the mind with firmamental awe. The final solution of the poem's problem is that of all believing minds—the one alternative to scepticism—"Trust." The physical universe itself is too vast for your understanding: no marvel that the Evil and Good in it should likewise pass your understanding: trust Him (therefore) who, having made, does understand. Trust the Creator with His creation, the all-seeing Ruler with His rule, the Father who framed with His children whom He framed. On this note, with the restoration to Job of his prosperity, the most stupendous of poems rumbles away like failing thunder.

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 79 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the titles of the twelve best books announced in our Spring Supplement. The winning list was to be identified by a plébiscite of all the lists sent in. We find that the prize is due to Mr. B. Hooke, 39, Cathles-road, Balham Hill, London, S.W., to whom a cheque has been sent. Out of the twelve books collectively chosen by about 150 competitors Mr. Hooke names eight. Three competitors named seven, six named six, and a great many named four or five.

The twelve best books as determined by plébiscite are these:

Bismarck's Love-Letters.....	50
Max Müller's My Autobiography	36
Masterlinck's The Life of the Bee	33
Besant's East London	25
Dreyfus' Five Years of My Life	24
Lady Hodgson's The Siege of Kumassi	24
Stevenson's In the South Seas	21
Sainsbury's A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe	19
Allen's The Siege of the Peking Legations	19
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters	18
Times History of the War in South Africa	16
The Francis Letters	16

The prize-winner's list is as follows:

Whiteing's The Life of Paris.
A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe.
Major Pond's Eccentricities of Genius.
The Love-Letters of Prince Bismarck.
The Francis Letters.
Max Müller's My Autobiography: a Fragment.
Times History of the War in South Africa.
Scientific Memoirs of T. H. Huxley.
The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa.
An Englishwoman's Love Letters.
Lady Hodgson's The Siege of Kumassi.
Masterlinck's The Life of the Bee.

Below we print a list of books which in order of popularity stand next to those which secured admission to the plébiscite list:

Archer's Poets of the Younger Generation	14
Doyle's The Great Boer War.....	14
Layard's Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton.....	13
Balidon's R. L. Stevenson	13
Holmes' Queen Victoria	13
Pond's Eccentricities of Genius	13
Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff	12
Whibley's W. M. Thackeray	12
Poster & Lancaster's Scientific Memoirs of T. H. Huxley	12
The M. Carthy's History of the Four Georges, &c.	12
Myers' Human Personality	12
Stoddart-Walker's Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie... 12	
Craik's A Century of Scottish History	10
Mowbray's Seventy Years at Westminster	8
Grogan & Sharp's Cape to Cairo	8
Cairnes's Earl Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War... 7	
Whiteing's The Life of Paris.....	7
Stevens's Cape Town to Laysmith	7
Nansen's The Norwegian North Polar Expedition	7
Ellis's Life of Richard Wagner	7
Mrs. Oliphant's Queen Victoria	7
Martin's Helena Faucit	7

Competition No. 80 (New Series).

In Mr. Charles Marriott's novel, *The Column*, which we reviewed last week, there occurs a mysterious reference to Antwerp in connexion with some past incident in the life of Cathcart, the sculptor. What had happened to Cathcart at Antwerp we do not know. The author says:

The story cannot be told here; it is one of those at times that a man thinks about when there is only one thing left for him to do, and that to blow out his brains. Perhaps it explains Cathcart's genius; but it is also why his friends never allow him to see white lilac.

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best theory of Cathcart's association with white lilac based simply on the above extract.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, April 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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